

word for it, and I will guarantee that you will come back and say to me, "The half has not yet been told."

Beeves are shot in the country and hauled for hours in a wagon in the hot weather until I have seen them bloated up like a drum before they reach the slaughter-houses and are dressed. Does anyone imagine that adds to their delicacy or improves their flavor?

Under the present management of our butcher-shops, who knows what kind of animals are killed and supplied to our meat markets? Have we any guarantee that diseased hogs or cancerous beeves and consumptive sheep are not occasionally killed and sold to our people?

We know of two instances where certain parties tried to sell cancerous beef in this city, but were frustrated in their ends by the vigilance of our sanitary policeman. I know that consumption has existed among some of the flocks of sheep in our county. Who knows how many more such cases existed in the county, or how many of them were rushed into the market and sold to our people as "spring lamb." I have seen scores and scores of sheep livers from sheep that were slain for our markets literally covered with tubercles, and yet the mutton was sold just the same as though it came from the healthiest wether in the State of Ohio.

Who knows how many choleraied chickens and turkeys have found their way into our markets and been eaten by our people? The common "pudding meat" of our shops has an interesting history, surrounded with fragrance and tainted with romance. This delicate luxury is the child of the shop-soured scraps that have become unsalable, which are cooked up with, and not infrequently, the calves and sheep heads (the two latter with the brains and eyes also), until the bones can be shook out of them, when they are picked out and the meat is ground up and seasoned highly, so as to cover any tainted flavor it may have, and is then stuffed into skins, when it is ready for sale, and in this way an unpalatable, unmarketable batch of meat is made salable. Bologna sausage may be said to be just a grade above the former, but likewise is composed of shop-soured meat mixed with "blue meat," *i. e.*, old cows, and the like, that are too poor and tough to place on the market in any other shape.

When an accumulation of this is gathered up it is not unfrequently sent to a foundry on Fourth street, where it is ground by steam in an old, dirty, fly-covered cutting box, all gummed up with dried blood, fibrin and meat juices, whose fragrance is enough to entice the buzzards for miles around, but which is little better than some of the meat that is sent there to be ground; after this the meat pulp is highly seasoned; a little smoked bacon is sometimes cut up with it to give it a palatable flavor, when the whole mass is thoroughly mixed and stuffed in skins, smoked a little and placed on the market.